

NINETY-FIFTH YEAR.

ST. LOUIS, MO., SUNDAY NOVEMBER 23, 1902.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MATE'S WIFE PREVENTED WRECK AND
GUIDED DISABLED VESSEL INTO PORT.

When the George W. Glover Collided With a Three-Masted Ship on Massachusetts Bay, Mrs. Sadie Libby, Like Clark Russell's Latest Heroine, Held the Schooner to Her Course, While the Lives of All on Board Were in Danger.

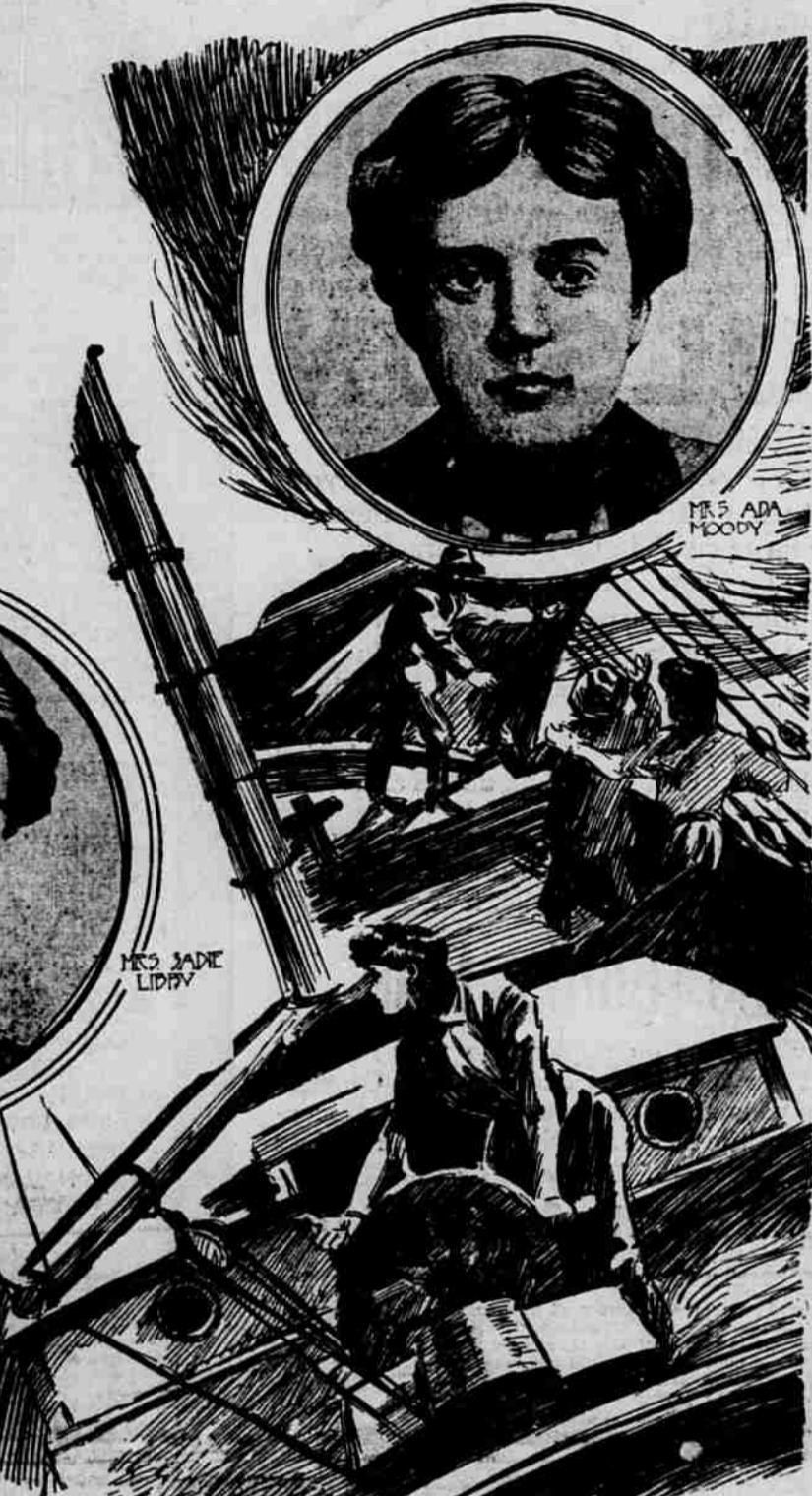
Boston, Nov. 22.—Now that it is all over, the pretty wife of the mate of the schooner George W. Glover shudders at thought of those thrilling adventures on the sea which culminated as dawn was breaking in Massachusetts Bay, when the hull of a big three-masted threatened to mow down the smaller craft, and, with true woman's wit and quickness of action, she grasped the wheel and held it while the lives of all on board were in danger.

It was the act of a brave and courageous woman, in the face of great peril and at a time when the heroism of it did not give her any great concern. But now that it is all over, Mrs. Sadie Libby, a mere girl and wife of the young mate of the Glover, does not care to take any credit for anything she may have done.

She has had enough of the sea; no longer wishes to accompany her husband on his voyages along the coast; but behind all her protestations to this effect there is still that desire to share with all the dangers of the sea, to which he is exposed and with which she has so early become familiar.

It seemed that everything on that long voyage conspired to show her the very worst side of life on board a coaster.

Living from childhood in the Maine seaport town of Rockland, she was familiar with ships. She was more familiar, in fact, than Clark Russell's latest heroine, who,



alone with her sweetheart, "the mate of the good ship York," called the big indignant through storm and calm safe to port, where they claimed the salvage and on it married and lived happily ever after.

In the present instance truth furnishes a thrilling story of the sea, of woman's nerve and daring, equal to that of fiction, and pretty little Mrs. Libby, like the true heroine, refused to see anything remarkable in her part of it.

BEGGED TO MAKE VOYAGE.

The mate of the Glover, unlike the mate of the York, was married before his adventures began, but that was not so very long ago, scarcely long enough, in fact, to enable the young wife to overcome that feeling of loneliness which made her long for the return of the Glover almost before it rounded Thatcher's.

So it came about that her pleadings won the sympathy of her husband and his friend, Captain A. P. Keefe, of the eighty-ton schooner George W. Glover, a schooner so small that, under ordinary conditions, two men can handle her with ease.

Before the time for sailing it was arranged that Mrs. Ada Moody, sister of Mrs. Libby, should also make the trip, so that when, about two months ago, the little schooner with grave concern, set sail from Rockland bound for New York, the passengers equaled the crew in numbers.

It was early autumn, splendid weather and all four looked forward to a pleasant and quick run along the coast, but they had not been out many days before Captain Keefe declared that they seemed to be in for one of the worst voyages in all the forty-five years the little schooner had been afloat.

Sad weather, high winds and heavy seas seemed to follow her, and with a cargo of live sheep, the two men viewed the situation with grave concern.

The two young women were cheerful through it all.

They were never idle. The Glover soon had four of a crew and no passengers. The brown-eyed wife of the young mate was cook, steward and boy's, and she asked more questions than all three could possibly have done had they been three persons instead of being embodied in one little parcel of femininity.

Her inquisitiveness, a standing joke on land, became a cause for great merriment on board. They remember all this now and think it a more serious matter than the fact that it was a long three weeks before the Glover reached New York, and the end of the voyage found all on board weary and anxious to set foot on land.

The cargo of sheep had given them considerable trouble, and the Captain arrived in port suffering from burns from which he had not recovered when the little craft, this time loaded with cement and bound for Salem, Mass., started on her return voyage. All hands hoped for a better run home, but they were early doomed to disappointment.

It was fairly good weather when they left

port, but long before they were off Cape Cod, three weeks later, they had gone through experiences even more disheartening than those of the voyage to New York.

Fate seemed to be against the Glover and her mixed crew, but while the men were disposed to use strong language over their bad luck the two little women were as cheerful, and the mate's wife as inquisitive, as ever.

They insisted on "helping" at every opportunity, but the two men, tired and disheartened with their continual battle with the elements, kept the women as much as possible in ignorance of the true condition of affairs.

RUN DOWN BY BIG VESSEL.

When trying to make Massachusetts Bay matters on board the Glover were much more serious than even the Captain was willing to admit.

The heavily laden, tempest-tossed little craft began to ship water and on the night of the twenty-first day out she was unmanageable and all night long the two men worked like Trojans to keep the schooner on her course, while the woman slept below, unconscious of the danger which beset them.

There was always danger of collision, and it was this that the men dreaded. In the distance, coming toward them with what seemed like lightning speed, was a vessel.

Almost helplessly the men watched the plunging mass for a moment, then shouted to the sleeping women in the cabin. In a moment they were on deck, not yet fully aroused, but one glance and the danger was apparent. For a moment they stood there, frightened, perhaps, but it was only for a moment.

"Stand by the boat!" shouted the Captain, for he fully believed the little schooner was doomed and that they might expect to be taken to get off with their lives.

The women moved a little further aft, but the helplessness of their position seemed to pass in a minute from the little wife to the mate.

"We'll say what they now knew to be a large three-masted schooner bearing down upon them. Struggle as they might the two men were unable to change the course of the now obstinate Glover. On came the schooner. In a minute it would be all over.

"Stand by the boat!" yelled the Captain again, and larger loomed up the big three-masted. Now she was upon them. The mate's wife, who had been so inquisitive, and the Glover would go to the bottom with all on board, perhaps.

There seemed to be no possibility of escape. Now the schooner was veering off. There

was a bare chance. The Captain and the mate ran forward. Then came the crash, a tremendous shock, two shivering hulls going like mad, crunching, grinding, fighting the heavy sea swamping about them like some wild thing, eager to engulf them both; a great black cloud, seemingly red, surrounded them, then coming down with a noise like thunder.

HEROINE'S NERVE AND WIT.

It was then that the little brown-eyed wife of the mate showed her mettle. It was then that she put to use the results of that interminable questioning about which the men had tormented her; it was then that the men realized that instead of frightened girls they had on board a brave, quick-witted woman from the Pine Tree State, who in time of danger could be depended upon to act.

The little wife was at the wheel, a girlish figure, her clothes blowing about her, her hair flying in the breeze, her dark eyes bright with excitement, her cheeks, browned by the sea air, now tinged with red. In a moment she had grasped the wheel and thrown it over, held it as the big schooner crashed into the Glover, carrying away her jibboom and all her forward rigging in a great mass that came crashing down upon the deck. With the helm hard, strained every nerve to clear away the mate's veered round by the impact of the little vessel, gradually answered the helm and swung off from the course of her destruction.

Fired by the excitement of the moment, almost unconscious of danger, the girlish figure held its position at the wheel, straining every nerve, while the men whose place she had taken when they rushed forward as the crash came were assisted in clearing the wreckage with which the vessel was covered by the sister of the little woman who now controlled the vessel's course.

The big three-masted schooner came crashing down upon the deck. With the helm hard, strained every nerve to clear away the mate's veered round by the impact of the little vessel, gradually answered the helm and swung off from the course of her destruction.

A quick examination, however, showed that not a seam had been opened, that the hull was still intact, but aside from that the little craft seemed to be a wreck.

For the moment at least the danger was over, and the two men and Mrs. Moody strained every nerve to clear away the wreckage, while at the wheel the mate's wife still guided the vessel. Distress signals were run up, and within a few minutes they arrived off Chatham and were seen by the life-savers of the Orleans Station. As the lifeboat went alongside the little woman was still at the wheel of the Glover, and the crew were called upon to rescue as they have ever been called upon to rescue.

And the brown cheeks of the mate's pretty wife turned as red as her companion's had been when she was rescued from the life-savers of the Orleans Station. Next day the disabled schooner, with her cargo still intact, was towed to her destination at Salem, where Mrs. Libby and her sister were awaited by those who had heard of their nerve and daring. The women could see no occasion for it all and went down to their home in Maine, apparently to avoid further embarrassment.

The mate's wife, who had been so inquisitive, and the Glover would go to the bottom with all on board, perhaps.

There seemed to be no possibility of escape. Now the schooner was veering off. There

was a bare chance. The Captain and the mate ran forward. Then came the crash, a tremendous shock, two shivering hulls going like mad, crunching, grinding, fighting the heavy sea swamping about them like some wild thing, eager to engulf them both; a great black cloud, seemingly red, surrounded them, then coming down with a noise like thunder.

HEROINE'S NERVE AND WIT.

It was then that the little brown-eyed wife of the mate showed her mettle. It was then that she put to use the results of that interminable questioning about which the men had tormented her; it was then that the men realized that instead of frightened girls they had on board a brave, quick-witted woman from the Pine Tree State, who in time of danger could be depended upon to act.

The little wife was at the wheel, a girlish figure, her clothes blowing about her, her hair flying in the breeze, her dark eyes bright with excitement, her cheeks, browned by the sea air, now tinged with red. In a moment she had grasped the wheel and thrown it over, held it as the big schooner crashed into the Glover, carrying away her jibboom and all her forward rigging in a great mass that came crashing down upon the deck. With the helm hard, strained every nerve to clear away the mate's veered round by the impact of the little vessel, gradually answered the helm and swung off from the course of her destruction.

Fired by the excitement of the moment, almost unconscious of danger, the girlish figure held its position at the wheel, straining every nerve, while the men whose place she had taken when they rushed forward as the crash came were assisted in clearing the wreckage with which the vessel was covered by the sister of the little woman who now controlled the vessel's course.

The big three-masted schooner came crashing down upon the deck. With the helm hard, strained every nerve to clear away the mate's veered round by the impact of the little vessel, gradually answered the helm and swung off from the course of her destruction.

A quick examination, however, showed that not a seam had been opened, that the hull was still intact, but aside from that the little craft seemed to be a wreck.

For the moment at least the danger was over, and the two men and Mrs. Moody strained every nerve to clear away the wreckage, while at the wheel the mate's wife still guided the vessel. Distress signals were run up, and within a few minutes they arrived off Chatham and were seen by the life-savers of the Orleans Station. As the lifeboat went alongside the little woman was still at the wheel of the Glover, and the crew were called upon to rescue as they have ever been called upon to rescue.

ST. LOUIS GREATEST STORE
CRAWFORD'S
A CITY FULL OF SIGHTS

during the past year!! And to those who have not been our customers for the past year we give them such bargains as will help cover the losses they have made in buying their goods outside of OUR ALWAYS VALUE-GIVING STORE!!

Linens.

The past week has been a record-breaker at our Linen Counters, and to show our appreciation of same and for the benefit of late Thanksgiving shoppers we will continue our cut prices throughout the department, naming only a few below.



Full-bleached all-linen sat-in Damask, 72 inches wide, in the most "up-to-date" patterns. They are worth \$1.25, but are offered as a Thanksgiving Special at, per yard, **\$1.00**

Full-bleached all-linen sat-in Damask that you will readily recognize as a dollar quality, a Thanksgiving Special at, per yard, **75c**

10 pieces 70-in. full-bleached Table Damask, floral designs and worth 90c to 75c, a special for Thanksgiving week at, per yard, **50c**

100 dozen 22-inch bleached Napkins, all linen, soft finish and are worth \$2.00 per dozen, Thanksgiving Special at, per dozen, **\$1.50**

75 doz. all-linen extra heavy Scotch Towels Napkins, size 22x22, spot and floral patterns, worth \$2.50, for Thanksgiving week at, doz., **\$2.00**

Long Fur...

Boas,

In Electric Seal, at **\$1.95** and **\$2.75**; Imitation Siberian Squirrel at **\$4.75**, and Genuine Marten at **\$16.50**; these values cannot be equaled anywhere.

A fine line of Coats, Jackets and Capes in Electric and Genuine Seal at prices ranging from **\$25.00** to **\$275.00** to be had in Cloak Department.

On our First Floor you can make your selection of Scarfs and Muffs from the finest line in the city at prices from **98c** to **\$25** for Scarfs, and Muffs from **\$1.00** to **\$18.00**.

Men's Shirts and Underwear

You've got to have 'em, so take advantage of these prices.

Men's Fine Wool Top Shirts, in brown, tan and navy; our **\$1.75** shirt, sizes complete; buy while this special price lasts **\$1.25**

Our extra good **\$2.00** Double-Breasted Navy Blue Wool-Top Shirts, with large pearl buttons; this is a big bargain at the special **\$1.50** price of.....

UNDERWEAR.

A special sale of 50 dozen Men's Fine **\$1.00** Camel's Hair and Wool Undershirts only, no drawers, actually worth the above-mentioned price—while they last **75c**

Men's Fine Cotton-Ribbed, Fleece-Lined Shirts and Drawers, our regular 50c numbers, in ecru and brown—on account of continued warm weather we reduce them to **43c**

VISIT OUR CAFE,
Fifth Floor.

BOOKS.

The Century Magazine for 1900, 2 volumes, heavy cloth binding, publishers' price (set) \$5.50, our price **\$1.58**

Ridpath's History of the World, 9 vols., bound in half Morocco, '99 edition; subscription price \$36.00, our price **\$18.98**

Teachers' Bibles, with all the helps, Morocco binding **98c**

Full line Catholic Prayer Books, cloth and leather binding, from **15c** up

D. CRAWFORD & CO., - - Washington Avenue and Sixth Street.

Until Thanksgiving Eve we give our last year's customers our Thank Offering in kind for their esteemed patronage

Overloaded
Shoe Manufacturer

RELIEVED OF HIS SURPLUS.

2,600 Pairs—a big load for a hard-up manufacturer to carry over. The jingle of Crawford's spot cash was music to his ears. He let go at a loss. His loss is your gain. On sale Monday.

400 Pairs Ladies' Patent Kid Shoes—Booth's Ideal (the highest grade brand on the market) medium weight, extension soles, welted, \$3.50 and \$4.00 grades, all sizes—**\$2.48**

600 Pairs Ladies' Shoes—in patent leather and vici kid, extension soles, worth \$3.00, all sizes—go to the sacrifice at..... **\$1.98**

1,600 Pairs Misses' and Children's Shoes in the lot—kid and box calf with extended soles—shoes that sell at \$1.50 everywhere—Monday your choice of all 12 to 2 sizes, \$1.25—8 to 11 sizes at..... **\$1.00**

Millinery Worthy of Your Attention



The BEAVER HAT has become a popular head dress for women and children. We have a special line this week in all the fashionable colors—they possess a correctness of taste for the most fastidious.

Be up-to-date and call on us—Ever popular store, And you will find that all our hats Vouch "money's worth and more." Ere you may chance to elsewhere buy, Remember the CRAWFORD STORE!!

Here's the place you get the goods And style and value too; There's not another house in town So sure of winning you!!

Fine French Sapped Beavers in black, white, fawn, drab, brown, castor, cardinal, London smoke, maitre, magnolia, ciel and navy, trimmed and untrimmed, for ladies' and children's dress and street wear, at prices that will astonish you.

\$2.75 \$5.50 \$7.00 \$10.00
Don't miss seeing these specials. They are leaders with us. St. Louis' Greatest Store.

Ladies' and
Children's
Knit
Underwear.

A very big stock goes this week at very low prices.

Ladies' natural gray fleece-lined Pants—French bands—25c grade—this week, per pair **19c**

Ladies' Swiss ribbed combed Egyptian cotton Vests—Pants to match—French bands—50c goods—this week **35c**

Ladies' fast black all-wool cashmere Tights—heavy \$1.25 grade—this week **69c**

Ladies' genuine 330 camel's-hair Vests and Pants—sizes 30 to 44—\$2.25 goods—this week **\$1.90**

Boys' cotton Vests—wool-lined—silk-trimmed pearl buttons—broken sizes—50c grade—this week **25c**

Children's natural gray wool Vests, Pants and Drawers to match—silk trimmed—each, 70c down to **35c**

Ribbed and Flat.

Exceptional Values in
Black Dress Goods

For This Week That Cannot Be Matched Anywhere in the City.

Thanksgiving Sale!!!

At 39c—44-inch Black Mohair Brilliantine and All-Wool Black Granite Cloth, regular 60c quality—Price for this week **39c**

At 50c—54-inch All-Wool Black Melton and Habit Cloth, 75c value—Price for this week **50c**

At 75c—54-inch All-Wool Black Canvas Etamine and Extra Heavy Pebble Cheviot, suitable for Unlined Skirts, good \$1.00 value—Price for this week **75c**

At \$1.00—A great variety of Fine All-Wool Imported Black Dress Goods, 46 to 54 inches wide, in all the new weaves—Zibeline, Etamine, Granite, Shark Skin, Prunella, and Black and White Suitings, worth up to \$1.50—Price for this week **\$1.00**

Grand Display of
Toys and Holiday Goods
4th Floor.

MRS. PULSIFER LOVES DOGS.

Her Husband Says She Kept Sixteen of Them in Her Room.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, Nov. 22.—After thirty years of more or less happy married life, Mrs. Ella L. Pulsifer, in the case of David T. Pulsifer, the well-known racing man, made famous by Tenny, has brought a suit for separation on the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment from her husband, who is now 79 years old. Justice Scott denied her application for a week's alimony, and she counsel fees because she refuses to live in the house provided by Mr. Pulsifer for what he regards as trivial reasons.

According to the affidavit of Mrs. Pulsifer, her husband's income has been materially curtailed during the past four years by reverses in horse racing, and he has resorted to mortgaging his property. Lately, she says, she was compelled to do her own housework. When he asked her to sign another mortgage she refused.

Since then, she alleges, her husband has abused and cruelly treated her. She says he insisted on eating in the kitchen with the servants for months at a time, in order to humiliate herself and her child. Then he left New Rochelle to live in New York.

Mr. Pulsifer denies all his wife's charges and says he has asked her to come and live with him in his home at No. 15 West Twenty-ninth street, and adds that he left New Rochelle because the climate did not

agree with him and because Mrs. Pulsifer insisted on keeping her sixteen dogs in one of the rooms.

OPEN-WORK STOCKINGS DID IT.

How a Jersey City Justice Lost Marriage Fee.

New York, Nov. 22.—Justice of the Peace Edward Markley of Jersey City says that a young man who accompanied a young woman to his office refused to become her husband because she wore open-work stockings.

The fact became known, the Justice says, through one of the bride's shoe laces becoming untied. This led the Justice to remark that a Brooklyn dervishman had recently denounced open-work stockings as one of the open works of Satan.

"And he was pretty near right," said the bridegroom.

"Well, I think he was very intolerant. I have always worn open-work stockings and I always shall."

"Well, all I have to say, Maggie," replied the young man, "you can choose between me and the stockings, for I will never marry a woman who wears that sort of hosiery."

"And all I can say," replied the young woman, "is that I will not be dictated to by you or any other man," and she left the office. The young man followed, and that was the last seen of them.

EAGLE ATTACKS A POLICEMAN.

Officer Has Thrilling Experience Hunting in Pennsylvania.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, Nov. 22.—A thrilling story of an attack by an American eagle upon a Policeman Joseph Crayton, of the Bergen Street (Brooklyn) Police Station, brought to the city by several hunters returning from a trip in the woods of Wyoming County, Pennsylvania.

The eagle, brought low by the story hunters, was killed by one of the hunters.

It was while hunting rabbits that Policeman Crayton had the experience of his life. With him at the time were Patrolman Cornelius O'Leary, of the same precinct, and Policeman William Bernard, of the Coney Island Station.

When crossing a mountain ravine Crayton espied the national bird devouring a rabbit. Before he could level his gun and take aim the eagle flew at him, tearing his hair and eyes out, and scratching his face. Policeman O'Leary took aim and shot the bird through the head.

The eagle measured eight feet from tip to tip.

Policeman Crayton has received from the United States Volunteer Life Saving Corps a gold medal in recognition of his having saved a life in the rescue of 17-year-old Jennie Atkinson from drowning in the Coney Island Creek last June.